

# NEW WAVY GRAVY 2

(AS OPPOSED TO OLD WAVY GRAVY)

by Raymond Petibon

(I don't share my cross w/no one)



All I care  
about is music  
and you, my  
darling.  
Signed,  
your  
secret  
admirer.

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"ROCK N'ROLL IS MY LIFE"---ELVIS.  
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THE SST IMPRINT IS YOUR  
GUARANTEE OF EXCITING  
AND ENTERTAINING READING.



CARUSO WOULD ENVY  
ME MY WEALTH AND FAME.



NW 3



## HAWTHORNE NIGHTS

Heinie Groza: Springsteen points out to us, his listeners and dancers, the American Dream quote unquote.

Sats Matson: Right. We were taught all about that in high school, and I guess Bruce was also.

Bela Blasko: I thought Bruce was kicked out of school... for having sex with a teacher.

Sats: No, no, no. That was first grade. And it wasn't he who was kicked out--it was Mr. Beephus.

Nard Thickard: I guess you guys think you're hot because you graduated, I'm schooled, too--in classic rock n' roll.

Thelda Barris: I never listened to lyrics closely unless I was playing a record backward. Until Bruce.

Heinie: We read Dylan in high school.

Benny Kubelsky: At least Springsteen didn't change his name.

Kaiser Schultz: You people take him for one of your own, but he's not.

Benny: How did he get signed, then? How did he get on Time and Newsweek?

Whitney Courtland: You--where were your parents born? Russia? Why don't you go there?

Benny: I was born in the USA, and that's all that counts.

Bill Dick: He thinks he's hot because he's a lawyer. I'll bet in Russia they'd get his goat.

Benny: No, I'd be the same--a parasite.

Sats, Bela, Nard, Kaiser, and Bill: We're going to politely ask you to leave.

SST PUBS (No names, please--Ed.): I'm going to turn off the tape recorder, guys. Let's get 'im.

Muffet Hangmaid: Are you hurt badly?

Bill: It's OK, cupcake. It just grazed me.

Sats: Make no mistake--we will fight. There will be no more Vietnams.

Kaiser: Right. We won't quit in the middle. All we needed was more time, and we would've won it.

Capri Hondochek: Look at Bruce. His endurance is astounding.

Oswald Boyle: What! You bitch!

Capri: Ow! Pig! His concerts, stupid! His concerts!

Patsy Manfact: Yeah. 4 or 5 hours.

Demant Helmsley: Do it all night quote unquote.

Muffet: That's what it amounts to, with all the

tail-gate parties, post-concert rallies, cigarette-lighter vigils....

Dement: Plus the sex and drive.

Suds Gutterman: I can't even stay up all night when I'm on cocaine!

Phlegm Pyle: Me neither. My throat gets dry and I have to start washing down beer.

Suds: Right on! And it might be 3 or 4 AM before I've partied up all the coke, and whoever's it was will be mad at me. If my girl's not in a sexy mood by then it's hopeless, and I'll drive home--all night, if I make it.

Gunnar Starck: What records do you put on to put your girls in the mood?

Phlegm: Anything by Bruce. Except Nebraska. Only ugly broads like that one.

Herb Pipgrass: Have you ever been with a broad who's so hot you don't want to take her out because she might meet someone rich or famous?

Gaston Goulash: I hear you, big guy. Maybe she's your your best friend's girl and you got her drunk, or you just got lucky. Or she needs the practice. You want to take her home and stay up--all night.

Herb: So you do your thing, and it's over fast, but you tell her it's OK because you'll do it all night.

Gaston: You wait an hour and maybe you can do your thing again. It's over in 1 minute because you didn't drink enough beer. You put on a Stevie Nicks record and hope something happens.

Herb: But it doesn't. So you try to slough it off or you call your girl a slut or physical freak (nympho or cold as ice).

Sats: Don't I know it. You want to sleep and you think maybe you ought to lock yourself in the other room (you don't even know her, really)--and she has to do her own thing.

Thelda: Bruce would serenade his girl till dawn.

Whiney: He wouldn't even gun his engine for you.

Capri: His muscle car would wake up the whole neighborhood.

W.H. Pratt: I know someone who got kicked out of a Springsteen concert for falling asleep. He was in the first row, snoozing but not snoring or causing a disturbance. Bruce thought he was trying to show him up and had him removed.



Doremi Albright:I think we're missing something here.Bruce isn't just saying "Party all night" or "Drive all night!"He's saying"Dream all night." Skids Riddle:And your dreams come true.And if they don't,we can live off the knowledge that we dreamed our best.

Gaston:Or off of donated canned goods.

Bill:I figure I donated \$200 to Murray Feingold for the third row seat.That's enough for me.

Candy Barr:And you can be sure the charity dough goes to people into Alabama or Lionel Richie.

Bette Pepske:They're all on welfare anyway,and raising their kids in rock houses.

Herb:They should send Springsteen records to Africa.It would make more sense than We Are The World.

Thelda:I like that song.

Suds:My favorite song(except Bruce's)is that Miller commercial.It makes my hangovers bearable.

Tode Longrod:The message is first"Buy this country,"and only then"Buy this beer" or"Buy this record."

Bill:And I think that's just great.

Suds:America's so great I get all choked up and start crying in my beer.Say"Born in the USA" somebody!

All:Born in the USA!Born in the USA!

Bela:How many of you voted for President Reagan? Raise your hands.

Nard:Really?All of us?

Buster Bates:Well,Bruce was for him.

Bow Wow Bates:Yeah.He wrote a song for his campaign,didn't he?

Hornie Hacker:Bruce said Reagan didn't get the message(essence?gist?flavor?)of his songs.

Nard:The music's too loud for him to pick it up.

Bela:I bet he turns his hearing aid down when Clarence jams on Thunder Road.

SST Pubs:Let's take this interview on the road for more beer.

(Everyone goes to Mi-T Mart)

Phlegm:Gooks.Every store you go into....

Clayland Boozer:Do you like Bruce Springsteen, sir?

Young Chong:Bluce?Who dat?

Whity Soper:He's a....He's an American.Right, boys?

Sata: Tell me, what kind of music do you listen to?  
Little Wang: I don't have a music.  
Buster: You slants come here and play all our classical repertoire. Well OK. But stay out of rock n' roll!  
Bela: Shout "Born in the USA" somebody.  
All: Born in the USA! Born in the USA!  
Kaiser: Foreigners are ruining this country. Japs and chinks infest our universities like termites.  
Bill: All the tests are biased toward oriental culture. They should have quotas for white trash and rock n' rollers. All we can get into is the Army.  
Mutt Muraco: We have to spend everything on defense to protect us (USA, South Korea, Israel, and Guam) from countries like Lebanon and Grenada, and the gooks come in and take over our economy.  
Orbit Bitterman: I've spent 20 years playing with my guitar, and I haven't made it yet. I see these gooks come here wet off the boat, and in a few years they're doctors, engineers, accountants.  
Dement: Who could dream of being an accountant?  
Orbit: When I make it big in rock I'll hire my own. A white one, or at least a Jew.  
Sata: The American Dream sucks. I'm going to smash my Gibson axe on some gook skull.  
Skids: I've owned a Vega, a Pinto, and a Fiat.  
Chickpea Hotchkiss: All the rich men are ugly Arabs, or Chinemen, or Jews. I'll be an old maid before I marry one--they never call back.  
Cresta Blanca: Look at the bitch Bruce married. You've got to be beautiful to make it--that's the message of that song. Well, I'm not beautiful. I sit in my room with my records.  
Loyita Bigelow: It's not easy being beautiful. You've usually got to diet--and that's hard work.  
Chickpea: Nutrasweet's made being an American woman a little easier.  
Suds: I was born in this country. At least I've got that.  
Bill: Born in the USA!  
All: Born in the USA!  
Bill: Let's take Wang Dung's liquor off his hands.  
SST Pubs: That's an idea.  
Chong: Fella, quit it out!  
Suds: Get all the beer and chips.

Batt Wing: You gentlemen please leave store. Leave my father alone.

Bela: Yellow crumb! Bill, get the register.

Batt: Aiiiiiiiiiiii!!!!

Bill: Born in the USA!

All: Born in the USA!

Chong: You fellas and ladies: you play lottery.

New California lottery, right here in store. Maybe you strike it rich.

Sats: Born in the USA!

All: Born in the USA! Born in the USA!

### HAMMER-RING

Jesus looks in the evil eye,

Jesus cools the burning sty.

Oh Lord, hammer-ring, Oh Lord, hammer-ring.

I spent 40 days and 40 nights

Just listening to Noah get his story right.

Oh Lord, hammer-ring, Oh Lord, hammer-ring.

Judas wove a rope from the shadow of the cross,

Heah come Satan show'd him who boss.

Drive ten-penny nails, hammer-ring.

Send him to hell, hammer-ring.

Jesus the son asks the man at the top,

Why you be trippin! you're a beat ol' pop.

Oh Lord, hammer-ring, say Oh Lord, hammer-ring.

I thought I had religion,

I thought I knew the score.

But when I heard ol' Joshua blow,

I was the first one on the floor.

Say hammer-ring, Oh Lord.

Make it sing, hammer-ring.

3 days and nights spent Jonah in the whale.

The service ain't good but he sure 'et well.

Oh Lord, hammer-ring, Oh Lord, hammer-ring.

I do believe without a doubt

That a Christian has a right to twist n' shout.

Oh Lord, hammer-ring, Oh Lord, hammer-ring.

Jesus drank with the woman at the well,

And then he walked on water, hell, He was

He was walkin' on air.

Hammer-ring, Oh my, hammer-God Almighty-ring.

When Jesus died, He died so hard,

They put Him in a cave without a guard.

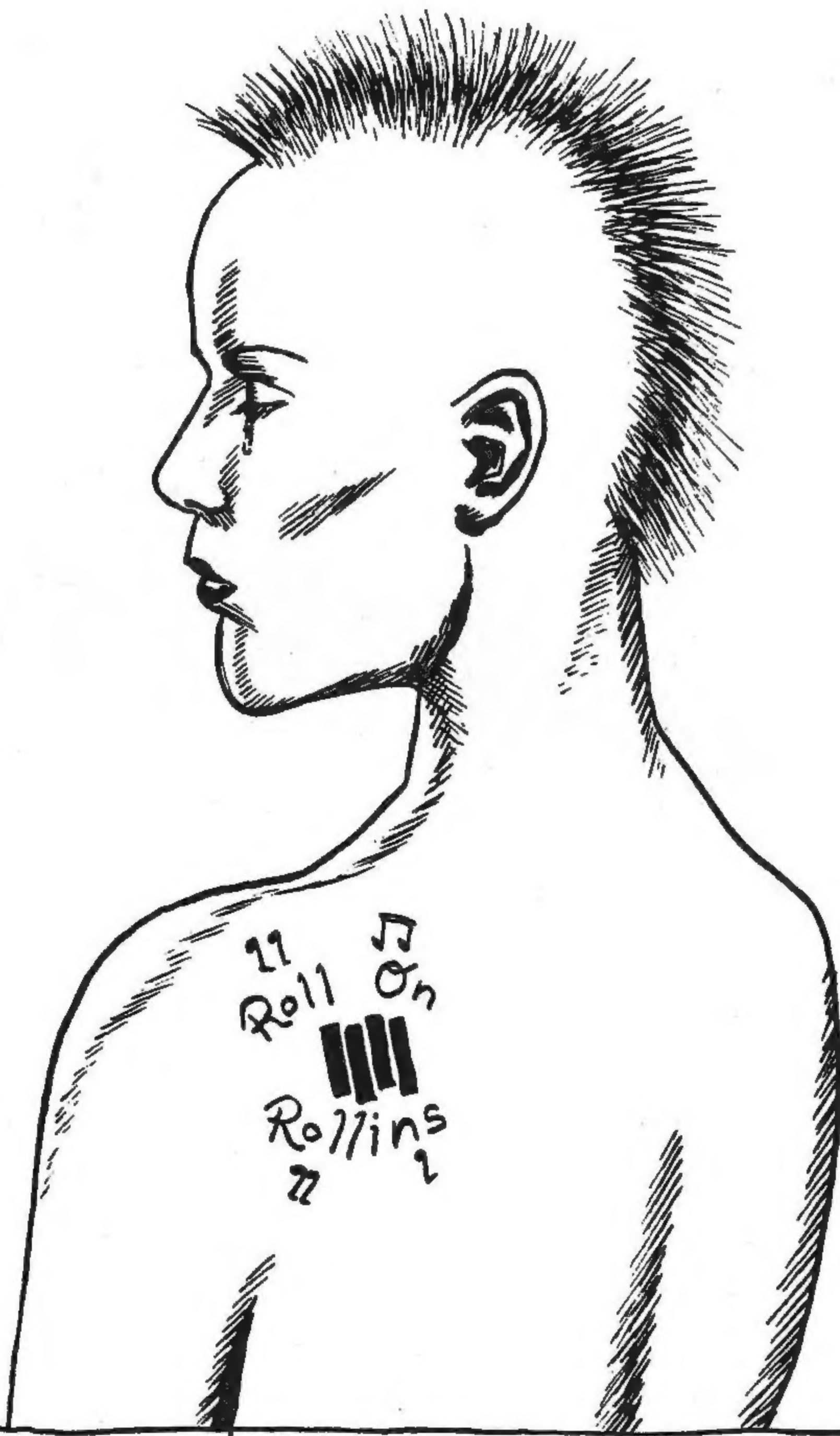
Oh Lord, hammer-ring, sing Oh Lord, hammer-ring.



"I know I'm just your father,  
but I think you're a fool,  
a dupe. I bet most of  
the big punk bands are  
Jews, in it for the money."



I THOUGHT I COULD MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON HENRY AND HE TOLD ME TO PUT MY SHIRT BACK ON.



## MINUTEMEN INTERVIEW

Q: You're Mike Watt? The Mike Watt?

M: Yeah, but I'm not a star. Just a working-class Joe who happens to play wild bass.

Q: Can I interview you? I've got my tape recorder....

M: I saw you with Pettibon. Is this another one of his scams? Are you with Tripping Corpse? Because he's been trying to get the dirt on me for a long time, and if you are...

Q: No. It's for my fanzine. We're fans of good music and we're on the left of the political spectrum.

M: Well, Pettibon's so far to the right it's scary. I think he carries a gun. He thinks he's hot now that he's a big-shot journalist, and he goes around with a Tripping Corpse press pass in his beret. I would never get like that if I got real successful. And he said we sold out when we signed with SST.

Q: SST should pay their workers more.

M: If you ask me, everyone on SST should organize and take over the company.

Q: Right on!

M: Look, if I'm going to do this interview, I'm gonna tape it, too. Here, it's on. Now, if you misquote me, I'll have a tape myself, and prove you wrong. And I'm bringing D. and George over here, because we're all in this together.

Q: George Hurley! D Boon! This is a dream come true for me.

G: What's Mike been doing, slandering me and D?

D: Yeah. I thought you didn't give interviews, Mike.

M: No, this guy's cool. And I'm taping it, to find out what I sound like when I'm drunk. Anyhow, once I've already started talking, I can't stop.

Q: One thing I like about you guys is that you seem to have it together politically. First question: How would you classify yourselves politically?

M: Social Democrat. Like in Europe, where all the good bands are.

NW 11



Q: What does that mean, that you can, say, have a few drinks and talk good politics with your friends, instead of just working the precinct constantly?

M: No. That's more what D. Boon's into. Party-ing all the time, passing the pipe around, making out with chicks....

D: Cut it out. I'm a concerned party-man. I even have a Boycott Coors sticker on my car.

G: You'll boycott anything if you can bum it.

D: I'm a socialist. That's further to the left than Mike. Pettibon called me a Communist and I didn't deny it, and the girl I was with thought that was sexy.

M: You're saying you're further to the left than me, D?

D: Lay off, Mike. I'm not trying to show you up, but I'm not exactly a liberal.

G: Calm down, you two. You're creating a scene.

M: What's the circulation of your magazine?

Q: About 500 copies.

M: I suppose you don't get a lot of readers in the industry?

Q: I wouldn't think so.

M: Well, I'm probably further to the left than all of you put together, including you. D.

Q: I think we've got that settled now.

M: We voted for Carter, though, and I wrote a song slamming Reagan. I'm against oppression, hunger, racism, and injustice. And I think most rock critics agree with me.

Q: Then you think guitar heroes can save the world?

M: Well, I don't know if I'd go that far, but I think they can change it.

Q: Who do you like best between Elvis and Lenin?

M: Frankly, I'm scared. Sometimes I wonder if there's a Mark David Chapman waiting for me.

Q: No, I meant L-E-N-I-N, And Elvis, that old rock star.

M: I don't believe in rock stardom! We don't wanna end up like Elvis or Black Flag.

D: Y eah. We want to be like Gang of Four.

G: If they were a bit more popular, even.

M: Yeah.  
Q: Would you rather play schools or factories?  
G: That depends. We wouldn't cross no picket lines, and of course, we wouldn't play no armaments factory.  
D: Some junior high school girls are too immature.  
Q: Would you ever consider running for public office?  
M: I think it's premature to talk about that.  
Q: What if you were getting 3 or 4 encores every night?  
G: No.  
M: Maybe.  
Q: Would it be wrong to have sex the night before a big concert if you aren't married?  
M: Hey, that sounds like something Pettibon would ask. What did you say your magazine is?  
Q: Well, er...  
M: What is its address?  
Q: PO Box 1, Lawndale.  
M: Oh, man! Boys, we've been had!

"Gentlemen:

What simpleton wrote that cornball 'Quick to Quack' bilge? Pettibon, I'd remain anonymous. You've been reading too many comic books. And the drawing seems old-fashioned, too...especially in the faces. Nuts!"

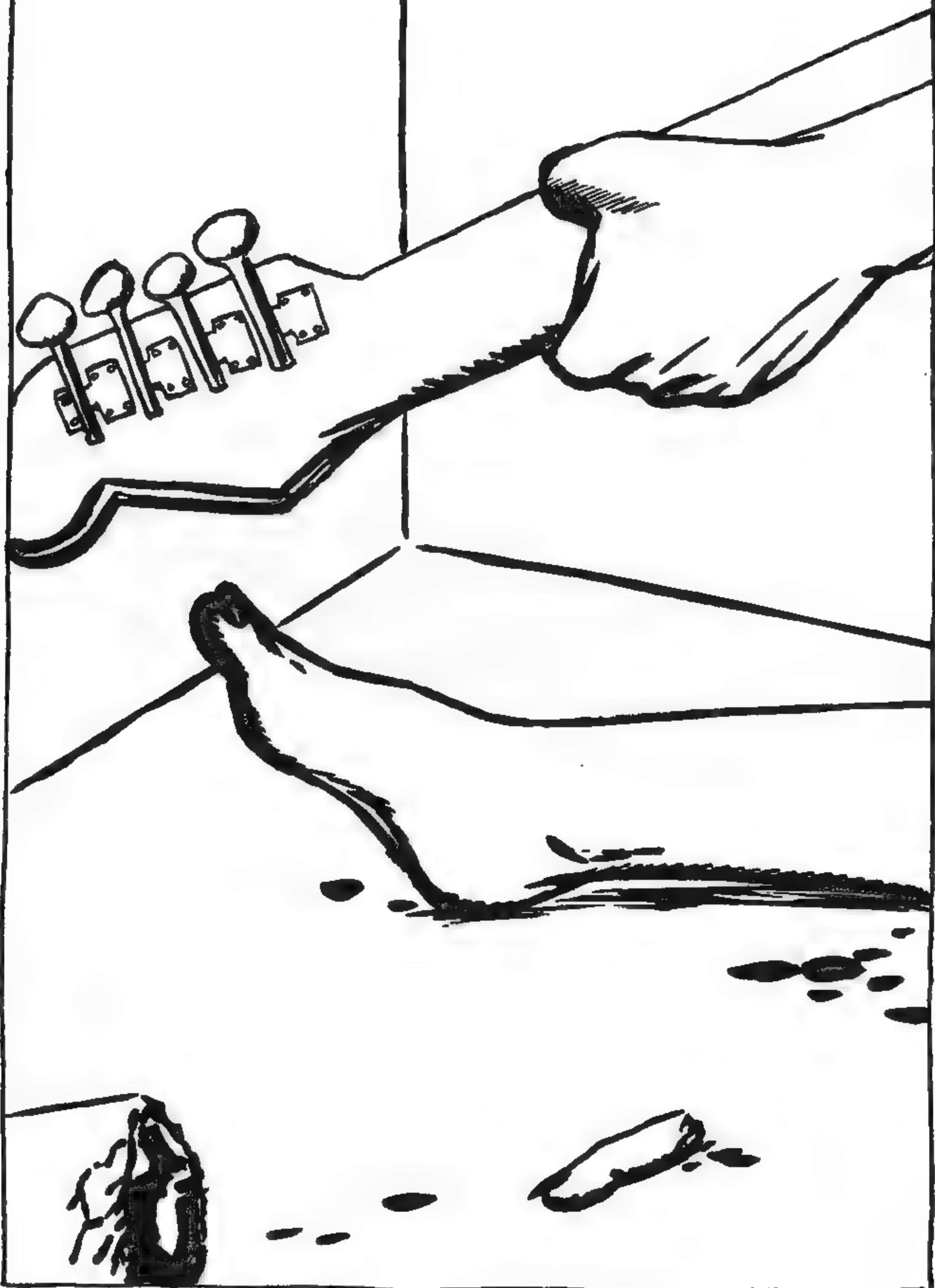
Jack Koosman, 306 Main Lane, Fresno, CA.

Jack, you're fully entitled to your opinions, even though we disagree with you in the main. We'd like to point out that our fans are united in their liking for this yarn, so you're in the minority. Concerning the art, it does have its rather old-fashioned aspects--but it also possesses an attractive looseness. We hope you found other stories more to your liking, Jack-ass. We'd like to add to our readers that Jack's letter contained a number of wild, insulting four-letter words and also a dare that we print his masterpiece of a missive. Jack, we are a family-oriented magazine. Do you really think we would jeopardize our inflated circulation figures or advertising accounts just so you can embarrass yourself and your family? We are canceling your subscription.

NW 13

I'VE HEARD SOME PRETTY

WILD STORIES ABOUT THAT BAND.





## PUNKERS PHILOSOPHIZE

Rad: I went fishing with this friend I grew up with and he brought a six-pack of beer in his ice-chest. It was hot and I was going to pop open one and then I got this mental picture of Ian. He was staring right at me and he had this disapproving look on his face. I chewed ice.

Sod: You blew it. Craving a brew in your gut is falling off the edge in and of itself.

Googie: Were you straight-edge?

Rad: Straight-edge, fresh? Ian would laugh at you. Nobody calls himself straight-edge anymore. For instance, if it were a life-or-death matter, I would drink a beer, though I wouldn't enjoy it. If someone pointed a gun at my skin-head and said, 'Here, this Bud's for you,' I would drink it.

Ilya: I may not approve of a dude drinking, but I'll defend to his death his right to drink.

Rad: Except in the pit.

Art: There's different degrees of edge. We spent a few days figuring it out and we decided there's razor-edge, flabby-edge, L-edge, slippery-edge, warped-edge, and peace-edge. There may be others yet to be discovered.

Sod: Oh, you stole that from Flipside. They did a whole issue on that.

Anzio: I used to drink beer and pop black beauties before I went to a gig, but that was before I accepted Lord Jesus Christ as my personal savior. You're either one of us or you're nothing on the scene. No booze or \$8 gigs, ever. He who thrashes last thrashes best. The Book of Life is not a guest list.

Lars: Ozzy is God.

Anzio: No He's not.

Lars: O.K. He's Satan. But he's huge.

Glitterlids: I'm not a punker anymore. Punk is just an excuse to be rude and nasty. Like the guys at the door at gigs: they pat you down, feel you up. After awhile I got to like it. It turned me on. So I became a new romantic. F--k you punks. Or better, f--k me.

Lars: Metalheads kick back, they party. They pass joints, they care. Sure, I used to be a punk, but not anymore. We worship rock stars. We have the camaraderie of ardent disciples. When I was a punk rocker we used to spit on the bands. We used to turn our backs when they played. Do you know what I'd do now for a chance to get so close to a rock star on stage that I could spit on him? You can bet I wouldn't hawk a lugie. My lighter would be out, my hands would be up.

Ilya: The punk thing is that anyone can do it. As long as you know the right people. Anyone can be a rock star-- just get up, plug in, and do it! Sure we're slamming tonight, but tomorrow we're rehearsing, or more likely, recording. And it sounds good. Because we oppose society. We're anti-family. We hate Billboard. We don't want to be good fathers. We don't want to be doctors-- that's bogus. But anyone can be a rock star or junkie. Everybody's doing it. Anyone can contribute.

Lars: When I was a kid my dad was so cheap he always had us sit at the top stadium level at ball games. General Admission. Integrated. I guess somehow I realized ball-players were human. I never saw their 3-day beards or pockmarks, though. Didn't they all look like Al Kaline? I couldn't imagine looking one in the eye. When I was 7 I went to a bank opening with my dad to get him a whiffle bat bank autographed by Alibi Olsen, who won 12 games that year. He was sick (Hungover--Ed.), so this rookie shortstop, Cletus Barnum, was there in his place and asked me if I wasn't too disappointed. Hell, I was just too awed to hear a real big leaguer speaking to me.

Art: And now you worship rock stars that way?

Lars: Exactly. Totally.

Googie: I felt like that when I asked Henry to autograph my biceps. He signed 'Ted Nugent', and I really lost respect for him after that.

Platoe: Still, I bet you didn't wash it for a week.

Googie: A week? I was a punk rocker then. I didn't take a bath in 3 years.

Chili: You smell like perfume.

Googie: It was easy coming out of the closet when I realized the door led backstage.

Rad: I used to have a crush on Hen--. Er, uh, I used to dig his singing.

Ilya: I took acid once and saw a vision of Henry. It was beautiful. Then it started to grow hair. It came streaming down, longer and longer. And scraggly. What a bummer!

Grip: A year ago my girlfriend left me. I was all broken up. I was going to kill myself and decided to listen to my favorite records one last time. Our song--Coo and me--was 'Highway to Hell, before we got into punk, and then 'Amoeba'. None of my records seemed to understand what I was feeling. I mean, I didn't want to kill Coo or tie her up--I wanted her back. I had enough ugliness in my life to leave it listening to more of it.

Tory: Why didn't you kill yourself?

Grip: I tried. I shot myself but the bullet couldn't find my heart. All it did was paralyze me, and now the doctors give me just about all the drugs I want. Basically I've never been better off.

Cooncan: You should sing, cuzz. Look at my main man, Teddy.

Art: Yeah. You could say you wiped yourself out in a stage dive. You'd be a hero.

Grip: Totally out of the question. Look, I've lost all feeling from the neck down. What could I possibly sing about?

Anzio: How does this feel, baby?

Grip: Hey, get hand off my ding dong!

Anzio: If I get a rise out of this sucker you'll be thanking me.

Grip: Well, maybe I can watch. I still like doing that.

Anzio: Really, I knew Belushi. I would have made him rise, but he was dead.

Goober: You shouldn't be singing punk if you can't raise the dead.

Grip: You f--kers just want my drugs.

Art: You're joking....Whaddaya got?

Grip: Then what are you doing in my pocket, dude?

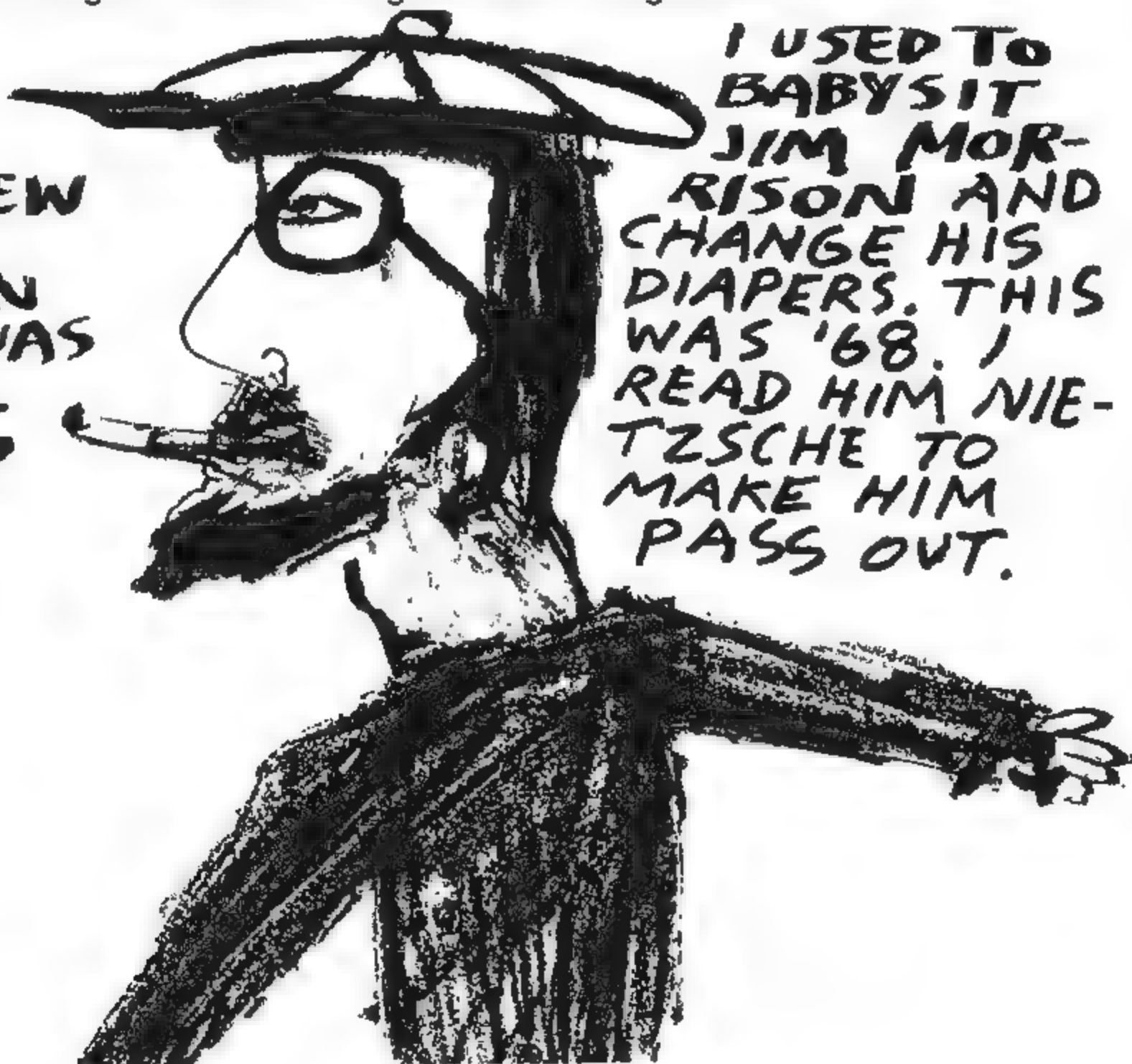
Anzio: My hand slipped.

Grip: You won't find them there. My girlfriend carries them.

Goober? You r girlfriend?!

Grip: That's right. Coo. We got back together.

I KNEW  
LULA  
WHEN  
SHE WAS  
STILL  
BEBOP



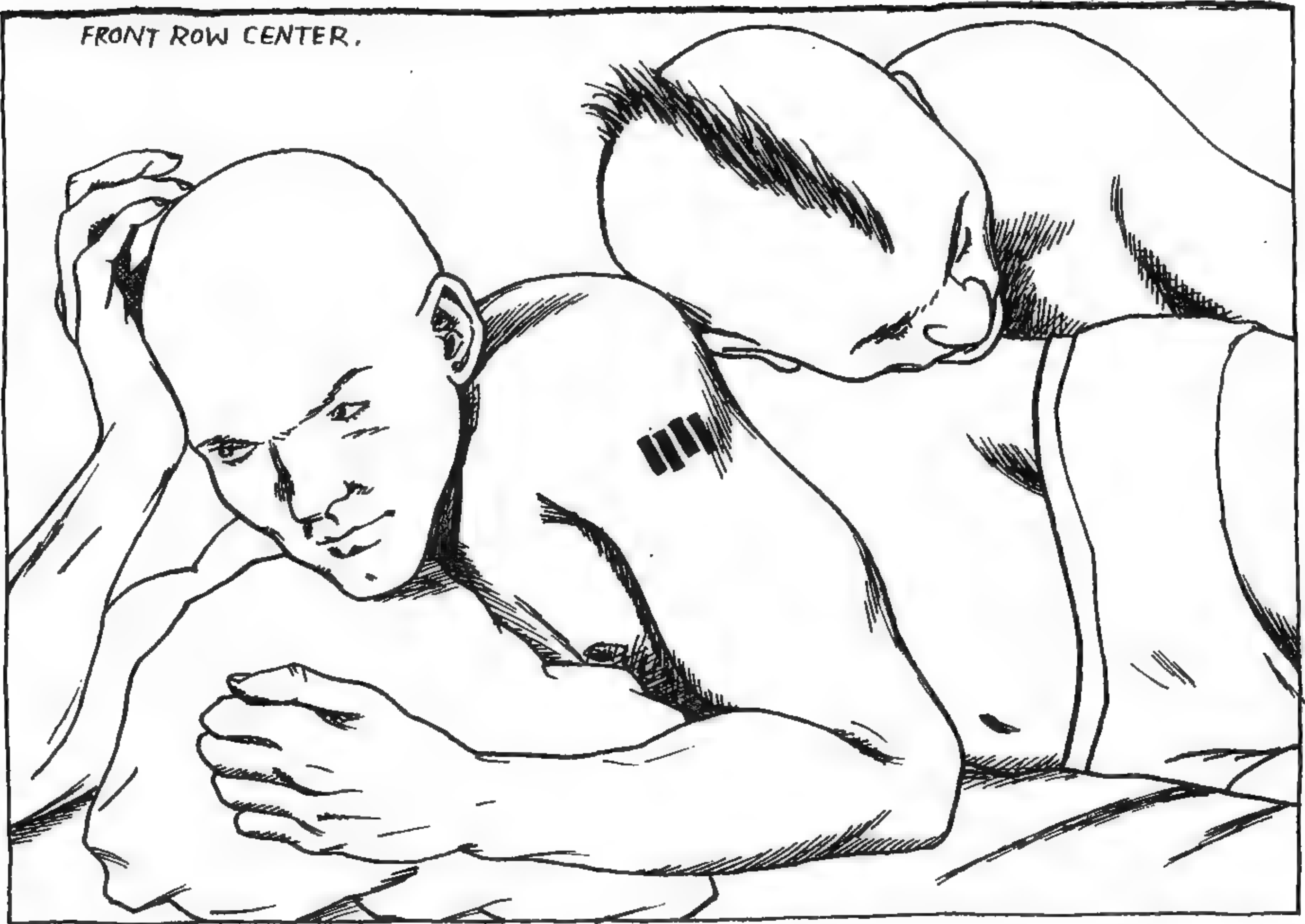
I USED TO  
BABYSIT  
JIM MOR-  
RISON AND  
CHANGE HIS  
DIAPERS. THIS  
WAS '68. I  
READ HIM NIE-  
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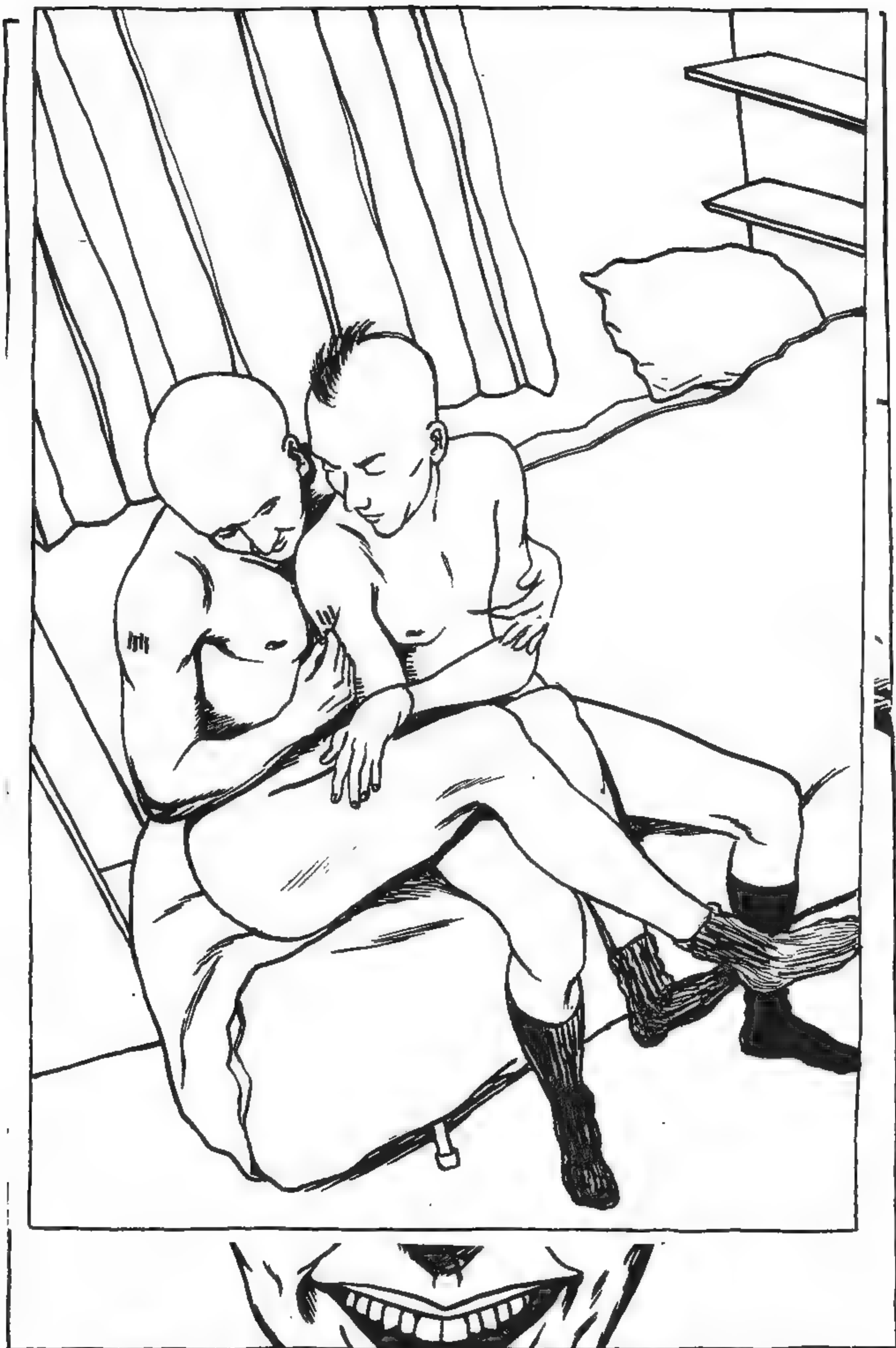


I'M ALMOST STARTING  
TO LIKE SOME NEW WAVE,  
BUT PUNK ROCK'S  
THE PITS.



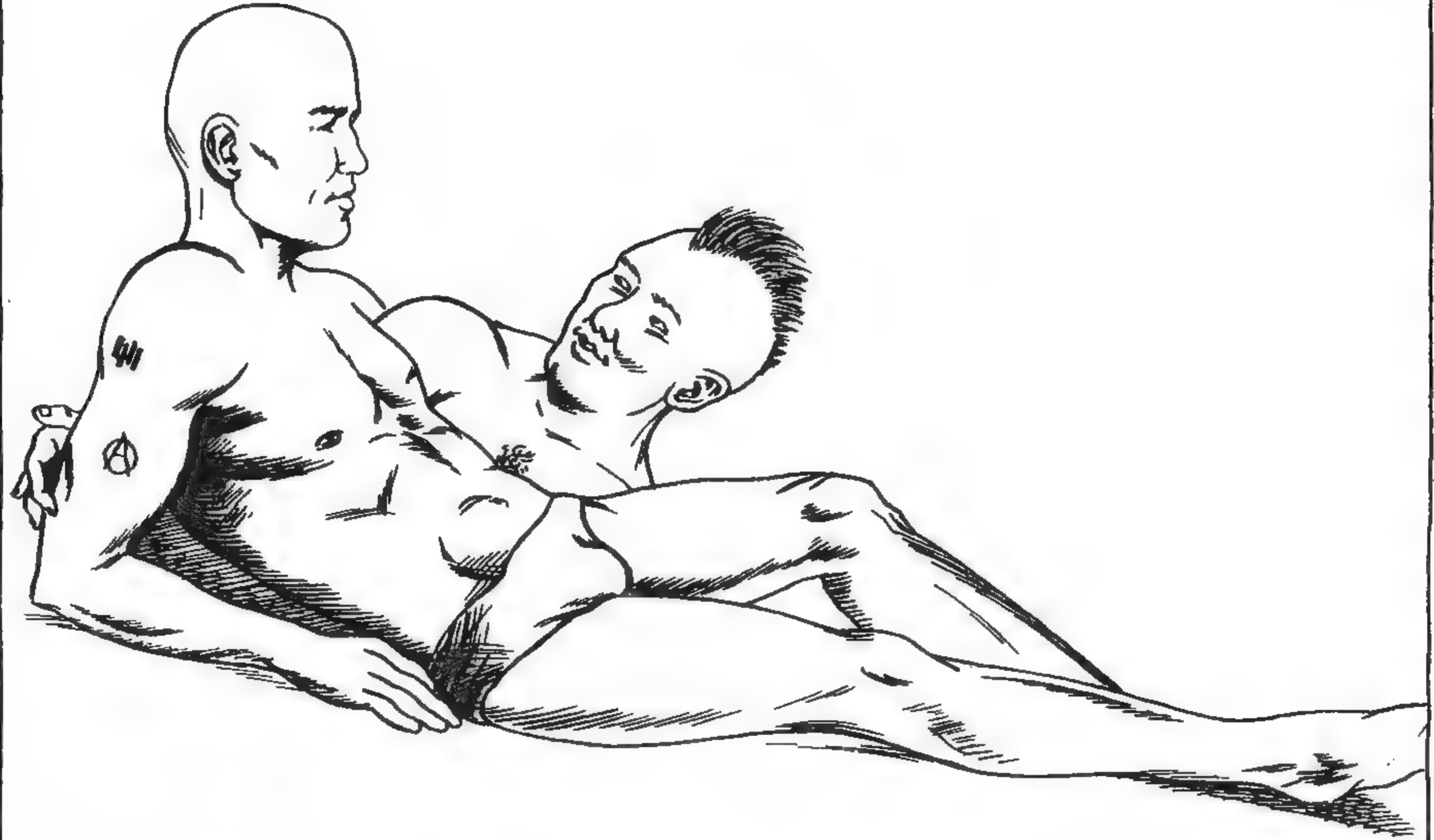
FRONT ROW CENTER.







WE DESTROY THE FAMILY.

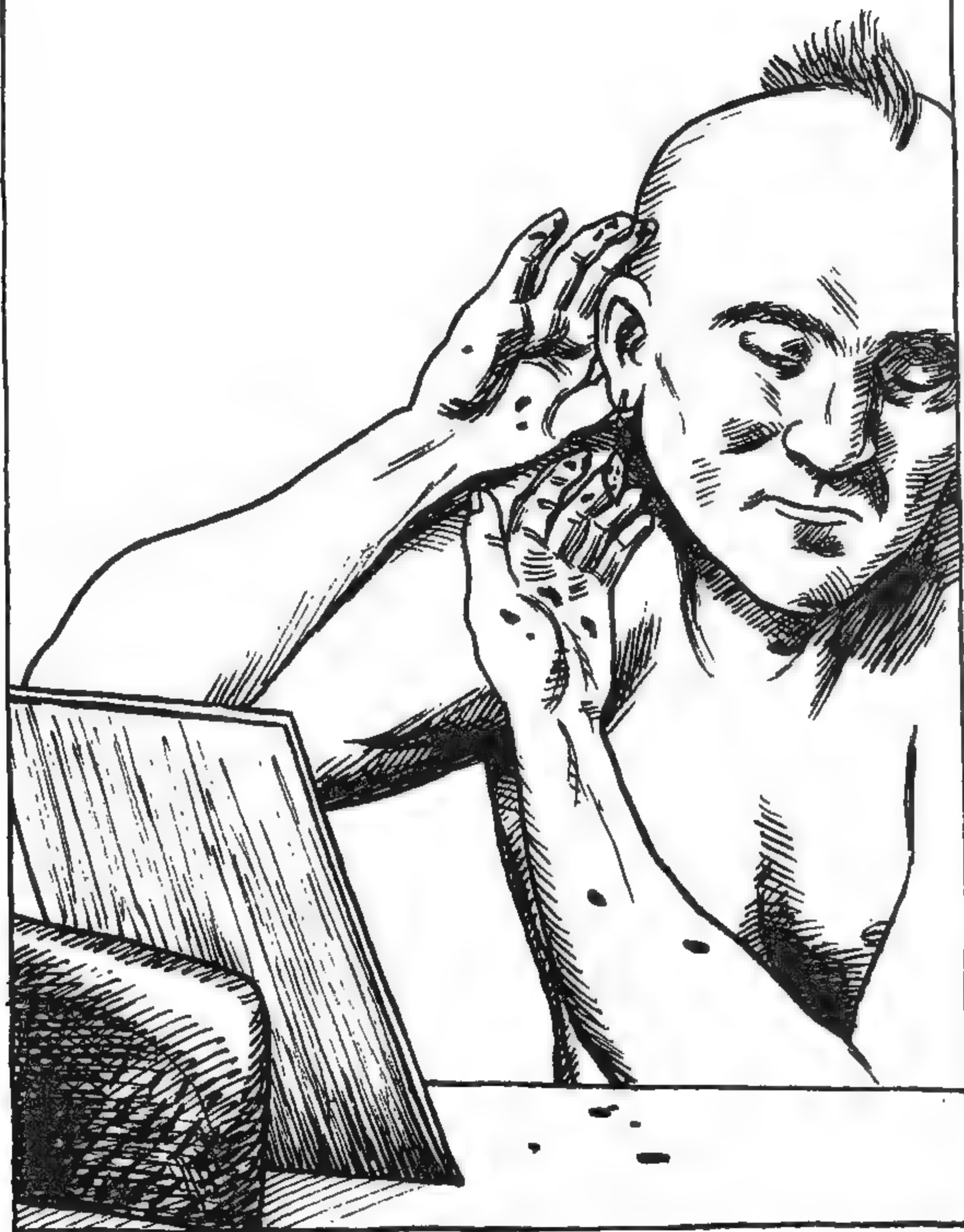


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YOU DIDN'T LOVE HIM ENOUGH!



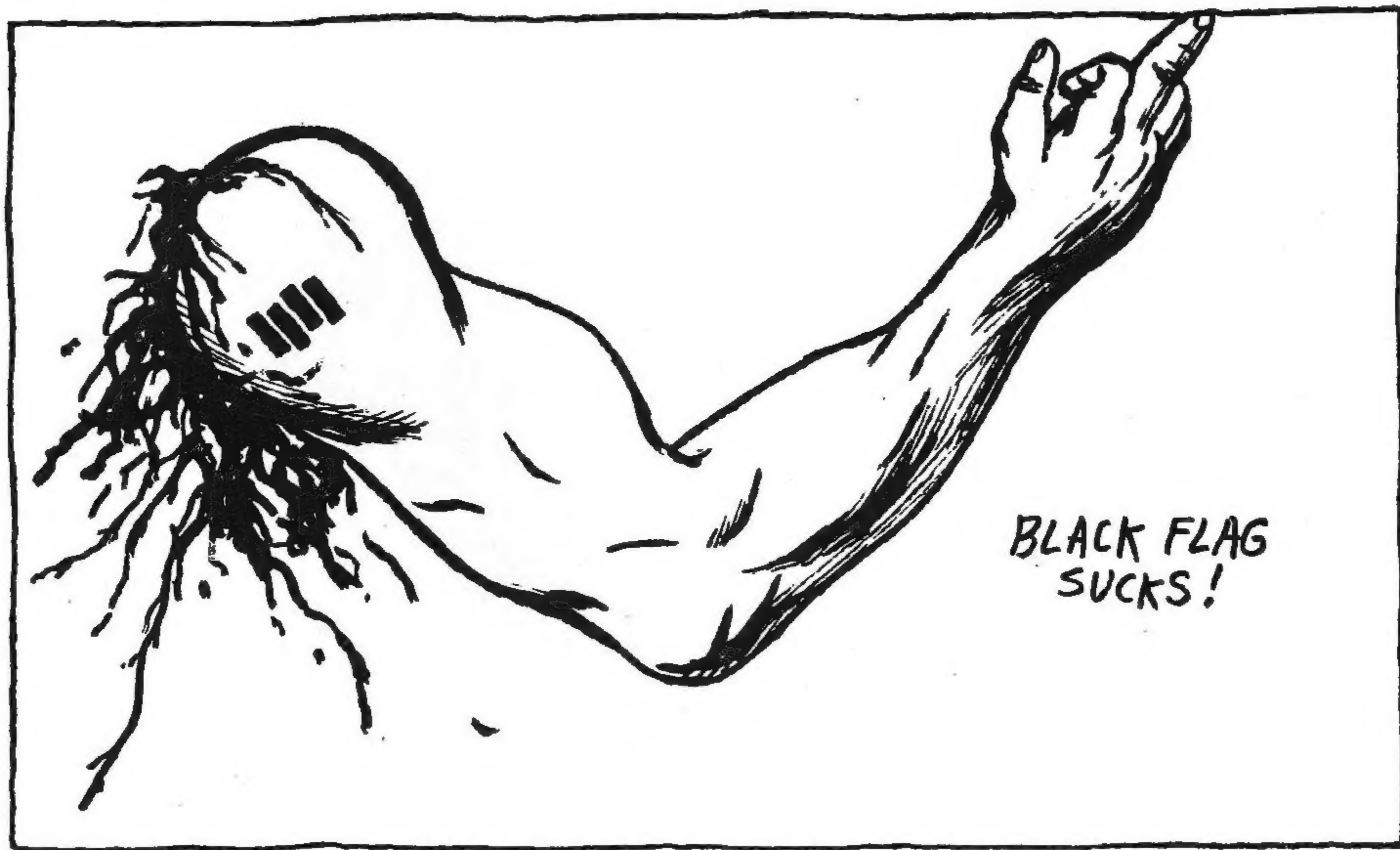
...SHORT TEATS, BLOODY MILK (\$1.40),  
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CORPSE 7 (\$1.75), EXTERMINATING  
THE EAGLES (\$1.50), LIKE DEATH  
VALLEY (\$1.40), ...

"Shall we listen to hard rock? Your parents won't hear us having sex over the noise." "That won't do. My mom will come in and ask me to turn it down. We'd be naked." "Yeah, but I really don't want to hear any of that mushy stuff."



„WEIN, WEIB, UND GESANG (\$1.40),  
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